

Vol. 2 No. 4

# *The* **Socialist Spirit**

## *The Fellowship*

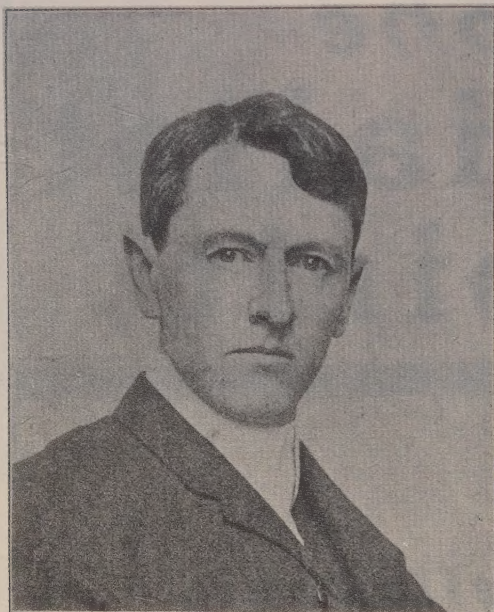
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*The Fellowship is a group organized for service in the socialist movement. The members of this group will make special studies of socialist needs and crises, of opportunities and developments, and furnish the results to the movement in the form of articles for the socialist press, and lectures wherever desired.*

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# The Socialist Spirit

VOL. II

DECEMBER, 1902

No. 4

## Congress Assembles

Congress is now in session. Which is to say that organized calamity is once more upon us.

The gloomy fellows fear the worst, and the cheerful ones point to the fact that this is a short session.

The country seems to find a modicum of content in the fact that "they can't be at it very long." The holiday time brings the usual adjournment. With Christmas comes at least this blessing.

The number of active "trust-busters" now let loose at the national capitol is amazing. Almost every senator and representative has in his pocket an original bill which will make the trusts scream for mercy, and he dreams of great courses of admiring constituents, and his name carkering down the pages of history.

The sum of all the local ignorance manifested by the several "statesmen" while at home is expected to blossom into divine wisdom at Washington.

But the magnates know better.

Most of the "statesmen" go away from home with the idea that they are to represent their constituents. It takes a week for this hallucination to wear off.

It is impossible for them to represent their constituents, because their constituents haven't the faintest idea what they want.

A muddle-headed constituency will al-

ways choose a muddle-headed representative—a man on their own plane. A clear-headed man would not do for them at all.

The distinguishing mark of the whole aggregation at Washington today, is that from T. Roosevelt down you can get no clear cut enunciation of any point whatever. Everything is vague and indistinct.

But there is nothing indistinct about the lobby.

The "third house" knows what it wants, and so, naturally gets it.

Evidently the word has gone out to the big corporations that there is danger of some of the incompetents blundering upon a principle.

Within the last few days some of the most expert lobbyists in the country—men who never represent anything but great interests—have dropped into the hotels at Washington and taken first class rooms, on the distinct understanding that they expected to spend the winter there.

Everyone in "official circles" takes it for granted that the lobby should be on hand, and none of the highly moral elements seem inclined to point out the fact that "resident bribers" are in any way anomalous to systems of representative government.

Perhaps as innocently an ingenuous admission as could find expression in the daily press comes from the Washington

correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, that staunch defender of plutocracy, and appears in its issue of December 1st:

There is a rumor to the effect that the trust lobby proposes to divert congress, if it can, entirely away from the Sherman law and in the direction of a constitutional amendment. The congressional leaders, however, are not inclined to accept any such program, because they are convinced that the people understand the situation, and know that a constitutional amendment cannot possibly be secured, if at all, inside of two or three years.

"The congressional leaders are not inclined to accept any such program, because they are convinced that the people understand the situation"

This deserves uproarous applause.

Are we to infer that if the "congressional leaders" were *not* convinced that the people understood the situation, they *would* be inclined to accept the lobbyist program?

Who was the distinguished historical personage who could never open his mouth without putting his foot in it?

#### Anti-Trust Legislation

No matter how much strengthening is done to the Sher-

man anti-trust law, no headway whatever can be made in that direction.

*The law today cannot be enforced against the greatest offenders.*

It is silly to talk of more law when you cannot enforce what you have already.

Of the absolute and vulgar subservience of the legal machinery to organized capital Chicago is now furnishing a notable illustration.

Last summer the United States government, acting on complaints coming up from all over the country, instituted proceedings against an alleged combination of packers. Instead of prosecuting them criminally, under the federal anti-trust law, proceedings in equity were taken, and the packers were enjoined by the United States court at Chicago from working together, either to depress the

prices of live stock or raise prices to consumers. That injunction is still outstanding. Its practical effects have been absolutely nothing. The prices of meat to consumers have been kept up, and the prices of live stock to the packers have been put down. No packers have been called to account under it, and none of them seem to have any fear of it.

Yet the present methods of buying live stock at "the yards" violates the injunction continuously and brazenly.

For this contempt of court the packers may at any time be punished in the discretion of the judge. Why are they not so punished?

They are not punished because Capitalism is greater than government.

The retail prices of dressed meat over the country remain substantially at the high level of the past summer. But the prices of cattle and hogs in the western markets have sharply declined. The packing interests are accordingly reaping a harvest in profits.

Some of the decline in live stock prices is due to the greatly improved conditions in feed. A huge corn crop has been harvested in place of a very short one a year ago, and fodder of all kinds is plentiful throughout the cattle-raising sections of the West. Receipts of live stock at primary markets are increasing, and at Chicago lately have exceeded those of a year ago.

But there is a more potent reason than plentiful corn why the farmers are forced to accept so little for their stock while the consumer at the same time must pay so much for meat.

One has only to read the daily papers to see it.

None of the United States judges has, however, so far been able to make the discovery disclosed in a paragraph of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, which reads as follows:

Taking advantage of these heavy receipts, the packers have worked in harmony and depressed the market. For the past three weeks they have maneuvered to secure low-priced hogs to fill their sales of January products. Two



weeks ago, for several days, there was no buying of stock by the packers. All the pens in the yards were full and the report spread that the market was demoralized. When the shippers were becoming desperate, the packers finally stepped in and purchased their regular supplies at much reduced prices. The houses ran at their utmost capacity for a couple of days, and then there was another simultaneous unwillingness to purchase. Prices went still lower, and the packers again purchased.

This must be interesting reading to the farmer.

There seems to be practically only one buyer.

The buyer sits around and smokes and says, "we are not buying today." He does the same thing tomorrow. Meanwhile, every train-load of live stock is filling up the yards. Live stock soon eats its head off at the yards. When you ship stock in there, you want to sell it and sell it quick.

The buyer professes indifference and the supply in the hands of anxious waiting sellers accumulates. An appearance of glut ensues, the sellers become alarmed, and their demands moderate accordingly.

They are glad to sell their stock for enough to pay transportation and feed charges.

The consequences of this scheming during the past month has been a drop in the price of the best cattle from \$9 per hundred pounds to \$7, or some 22 per cent. Hogs have fallen from \$8 to \$6, or 25 per cent. *But the demands of the packers upon the retailer and of the latter upon consumers remain unchanged.*

How are the "anti-trusters" going to cope with a game like this? Are they going to attempt to designate the days on which the packers shall buy and the prices they shall pay?

There is something so disgustingly charlatan about the entire official aggregation at Washington as to make any man of sense or judgment soul-weary and sick at heart.

### Benevolent Feudalism

Meanwhile the benevolent feudalists are rippling the waters with their generous charity—with a string to it.

The voluntary action of the Pennsylvania railway company in advancing the wages of over 100,000 employes is not more noteworthy than the statement of reasons for that course. President Cassatt said to the board of directors in recommending a 10 per cent advance:

The country is passing through an unexampled period of prosperity, and, as far as the Pennsylvania is concerned, this prosperity is bound to continue for at least two years, if contracts are kept. It is time that our employes be given a share in this prosperity. All the railroads in the United States and all employers of labor are contemplating an advance in wages. The cost of living has increased 20 to 25 per cent, but wages have not increased accordingly. This movement is bound to come, and the Pennsylvania may as well lead as follow. We have more business offered than we can handle, and can't see our way out of the trouble unless we keep our men loyal to the company and help them while they help us. I, therefore, recommend a flat increase of 10 per cent in wages, and advise that this announcement be made to the employes first and to the public later.

"All employers of labor" will be delighted to hear from Mr. Cassatt that they "are contemplating an advance in wages." Some of them surely have not realized it. Indeed there are even railroad men who do not yet seem to have had the vision.

Mr. Paul Morton of the Santa Fe, for example, has just broken into the press with an interview a column long declaring that his road must raise rates in order to keep running.

If these two eminent gentlemen do not get together they may succeed in embarrassing each other.

Evidently the Pennsylvania railway officials regard the business outlook as very reassuring, and in that case ordinary people may be expected to cultivate a cheerful view of the situation. Even the closest observers with capitalist minds are apt to be deceived in respect to the stability of a prosperous state of business, however, for collapses often

come when the situation seems to be the strongest. "If contracts are kept" says Mr. Cassatt of the Pennsylvania road, the existing prosperity is good for at least two years. But that is an important modifying condition.

Someone has volunteered the opinion that a full stomach cannot accurately sense just how an empty stomach feels, and that some of us when our own front door is shut can dream without difficulty that the whole world is warm.

*Prosperity today is prosperity for the trusts and monopolies.*

Mr. Cassatt says that the cost of living has advanced from 20 to 25 per cent. But he advances wages only 10 per cent.

*Who is to make up the remaining 10 or 15 per cent?*

Someone must make it up, or the producers must reduce their standard of living.

This is exactly what they are everywhere doing.

Every worker and every small householder knows this well, although his opinions are made for him by men like Mr. Cassatt *who exposes the fallacy of their contention in the very act which is the occasion of its expression.*

Anyone with half an eye should be able to see that while production is proceeding with unabated activity, consumption is declining at an unmistakable rate also.

This is the combination of tendencies which has brought and which always will bring about the stagnation called by the "professors" overproduction.

*It is the point at which the producing class become too poor to buy back enough of the things which they produce to keep them in subsistence.*

This is already beginning to be observable. Merchants in the retail trade complain of evidences of reducing buying power among the people and slower collections. There is not the readiness to purchase that there was awhile ago, and purchases on credit made not long since are being settled with increasing difficulty. There does not exist for most

people the ability, in view of the high prices for fuel and most food products, to buy as much as they could formerly. The industrial revival has reached the point where capital accumulation is more applauded in the name of prosperity than earnings which go into immediate consumption. Thus production is unduly stimulated at a time when consumption is being unduly depressed.

This is the rock upon which Mr. Cassatt's ship-load of predictions is apt to founder.

But while he is forecasting the future, and advertising the benevolent spirit of the Pennsylvania railroad company the traffic department of his railroad is raising rates to shift upon the consumer the burden of this generous gift to its men.

*In the offices of the Chicago Board of Trade the Pennsylvania railroad company has just posted a schedule, to take effect on December 8th, increasing the freight rates on all bread-stuffs to the Atlantic coast.*

The newspapers who have been quoting Mr. Cassatt's bulletin as to wages, and praising his generosity and wonderful foresight in prediction, seem to have overlooked this modest qualifying circumstance.

They saw the benevolence, but they never saw the string!



### Tendencies in Organized Labor

The American Federation of Labor never came so

near being captured by Socialism as at its recent annual session at New Orleans, where the "conservative" majority was but 726 in a total vote of over 9,000. This fact, coupled with the very positive increase in the Socialist vote at the November elections, should indicate the line of action which is to lead the working-classes to victory. The development of the trades-union has reached its summit, and unless it now enters the field of political action it must inevitably decline in power.

The coal strike arbitration is proving



the vehicle for a forceful, if subtle, propaganda on the part of capitalism for the incorporation of trades-unions.

The newspapers are full of "inspired" articles concerning the necessity of forcing the unions to incorporate.

Should any such consummation be brought about one can easily divine that the trades-union as a fighting instrument will cease to be effective.

Incorporation means for a trades-union the almost instant entanglement in legislation, and considering the present complexion of the courts, the trades-union would have a short shrift.

The enemies of labor organizations are ever on the lookout for something that will embarrass them and check their work and progress, and such legislation would play admirably into their hands.

At the inception of trouble of any kind the union would be sued and brought into court. If damages were proved the funds would be attached and paid over to the "damaged" party. If there were no funds, as is often the case, the court would issue a mandamus compelling the union to vote an assessment on the members, and compelling the officers to collect the money and pay it over to the court, or go to jail.

Nothing would be easier for employers, whether as individuals or as corporations, than to institute suits against unions for alleged acts of boycotting and the like, on the plea that they had suffered pecuniary loss thereby. With what facility this could be done was recently shown at Paterson, New Jersey, where the silk manufacturers concocted charges against their striking employes individually to the hurt of the latter—hurt that would otherwise have fallen on the union, had it been an incorporated body. It is perfectly conceivable that the judiciary itself could be so skillfully manipulated, or the trials so arranged, as to obtain a decision by which the union might be mulcted, possibly cumulatively, in a heavy sum, crippled in its operations, and, by a repeti-

tion more or less constant of the same course, finally driven out of existence.

Under such conditions it may be readily imagined that where the necessary trouble was not otherwise forthcoming, capitalists themselves might of set purpose willingly provoke a strike if only to break up some union that persistently stood up for the rights of its members.



### The Case of William Potter

William Potter, a painter at Schenectady, New York, was expelled from the local painters' union for serving in the national guard. Having been expelled from the union he could not work in a union shop, and his employer discharged him rather than become involved in a dispute with the union.

This, everyone will admit, is hard on Mr. Potter; but it is the growing principle of organized labor to discourage military organization and service, and Mr. Potter happens to be on the wrong side.

It is said that the attorney-general of the state of New York is considering the question whether the united action of the president and the secretary of Local Union No. 2, in demanding that Mr. Potter be dismissed from employment by his employers, violates any law of the state.

It is apparent from many of the newspapers that capitalism is distinctly in favor of some sort of action against Sheffer and Pratt, the officers of the union.

For example, the Outlook of Nov. 29th says:

It is clearly the duty of the district attorney to secure the indictment of Sheffer and Pratt for conspiracy, under the Criminal Code, Chapter VIII., Section 168, sub-section 5; and at least secure in this way a judicial decision by the courts whether a union may punish a workman for loyalty to his state and compliance with its laws.

This stern and uncompromising atti-

tude of the Outlook toward labor unions should in all consistence be extended to Philadelphia, where not only one, but dozens of men have lost their jobs for serving in the militia. Report has it that business men of that city have been discharging without compunction employees who served recently with the Pennsylvania national guard in the coal fields. The Philadelphia Ledger announces that "twelve men in one company have had to look for another job because they did their sworn duty \* \* \* and the average so punished is six to a company."

Is not the awful wrath of the Outlook and other righteous publications now to be visited upon these employers? Here are dozens of William Potters who not only belong to the military organization, but have been doing actual service, turned out of jobs as ruthlessly as the man of the Schenectady union.

The only difference seems to be that there was a principle involved in the discharge at Schenectady and none at Philadelphia.

This straining at gnats and swallowing of camels seems to be a feature of all religious periodicals which assume impartiality toward questions of industrial dispute.

No one of sound mind pretends that trades-unions are highly moral organizations, or that all their actions are disinterested and holy.

They are fighting organizations, made necessary by fighting organizations of capital.

Capital organized first and began its oppression, which it still continues, aided and abetted by all the periodicals it supports, notwithstanding their labels of impartiality.

Fighting machines cannot be governed by sentimental considerations.

The William Potters were fired at Philadelphia by capitalism; why should not the William Potter at Schenectady be fired by organized labor?

### Municipal Socialist Programs

After a year's deliberation the

Committee on Mu-

nicipal Program appointed by the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party has reported. The report is too long to reproduce here; it may be found in the weekly socialist papers. The members of the committee are Victor L. Berger, Job Harriman, Emil Lies, John C. Chase and A. M. Simons.

The report contains nothing decisive as to the judgment of the committee, whose time for deliberation has either been too brief, or whose modesty is too great to make their service of much value at this particular time when municipal campaigns are in preparation.

In the report the Secretary states his personal convictions and submits a classified list of suggested lines of socialist municipal activity, made up from all sources available.

These lists are for the purpose of discussion and are not in any sense a recommendation as to platform.

The Secretary further says:

But whatever else may be said there is urgent need of further intelligent discussion of socialist and municipal affairs in this country. It is certain that a large number of socialists will be elected to municipal positions within the next few months. At the present time there is no general idea of what the socialist position is on municipal affairs. There is great diversity of attitude on what are really fundamental principles. I am not one of those who believe that municipal action can be reduced to anything like complete uniformity throughout a country presenting as diverse characteristics as does the United States. But there are certain principles and lines of action which apply everywhere, and these should be worked out.

One can but cry a hearty amen to this. Cities of the same size and class present much the same problems, no matter where their location, and it surely should not seem a matter beyond the ability of the socialists to formulate a working municipal program, which would be in harmony with the ultimate aims of socialism and which would still be comprehensible to the layman "who wants to know."



## The President's Message

Above all, we need to remember that any kind of class animosity in the political world is, if possible, even more wicked, even more destructive to national welfare, than sectional, race or religious animosity.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Has the president noticed the Socialist vote of November?

Why should he mention class animosity in the *political* world? Is class animosity "wicked" only as it crosses the industrial boundary into the field of political action?

That is to say, does the solidarity of a class become "wicked" only as its expression threatens to become effective?

All political action expresses what the president calls class animosity.

The attempt to make the corporations of Chicago pay their just taxes that the kindergartens might not be closed, met with solid class opposition not without animosity.

Any attempt to check public robbery in the matter of ground rents arrays the landlord class in bitter opposition.

Every class expresses itself politically in so far as it has the wit to do so; for upon the laws of a country rests largely the prosperity of its inhabitants. The point is that the working-class has never yet expressed itself politically; and the fear that it may do so is what now elicits adjectives from the president, who is the incarnation of what might be called the *status quo*. He is the prophet of those who would uphold the present system, and continue it.

The president vaguely sees that if the working-class were to express itself the present system might be overthrown. And it certainly would.

No cry of class antagonism was raised in this country while the little capitalists were fighting the big capitalists and the workers were ignored altogether.

The gain in political intelligence on the part of the working-class—a hitherto unconsidered political factor—is to be

the disturbing element in capitalist calculation.

The president has no clear economic philosophy.

He is well-meaning, has generous impulses, and is sincere, where unwarped by direct capitalist influence and the desire for re-nomination.

If the president knew what he was up to he would not be so popular. He expresses the common sense of the masses of the people—and *they* do not know what they are up to.

They are drifting, and so is he, hoping not to go upon the rocks, but looking alive for storm signals.

If he had any clear economic ideas he would be feared. He is kindly, muddled, and just—just strenuous; and this is the attitude of the bulk of the people at present.

Mr. Roosevelt's piping of prosperity does not take into account the tendencies, which are everywhere evident, making for its overthrow. He seems to see nothing beneath the surface. His declarations as to trusts involve no principle whatever, though perhaps he thinks they do; and the portion of his message which treats of the tariff can hardly be called intelligent if it is to be reckoned as a sincere utterance.

His insistence that justice be done to Cuba is in good spirit and would be courageous if it were not well understood that Cuba is now pretty well in the hands of American capitalists, and opposition to the proposed treaty reduced to zero. All the harm which can be done to Cuba, under our present policy is already done.

His paragraph regarding the happy condition of the Filipinos is flatly contradictory to the current report of General Miles, who declares that the country is wasted, impoverished and threatened with famine.

To anyone who has followed developments in Porto Rico, and has the most casual knowledge of the present political status of that island and its inhabitants Mr. Roosevelt's remarks on the

state of that dependency are astounding.

Of Porto Rico it is only necessary to say that the prosperity of the island and the wisdom with which it has been governed have been such as to make it serve as an example of all that is best in insular administration.

This will at least be news to the Porto Ricans who haven't yet been able to determine what their status is regarding this country. (See *Socialist Spirit* for October, page 10.)

Insular administration is a sorry business if Porto Rico represents the flood tide of it.

Taken as a whole the president's message is a commonplace document, nowhere approaching anything vital save in its dim perception of the coming class struggle. A comparative reading of state papers during the past century forces the conviction that never before in the history of the United States was real statesmanship at so low an ebb—and never before did it exhibit such complacency.



## The Dying State

The election frauds in Philadelphia are an annual occurrence, but this year they reached an unusual climax of the picturesque. The 5th ward outdid itself, for having cast only 1967 votes in 1900 for President McKinley, it gave 5173 to the noble Pennypacker. As an example of ballot-box stuffing this is held, in Philadelphia, as a record-beater.—Springfield Republican.

At the recent election the fraudulent work at the polls in Philadelphia, which effected the unparalleled machine victory, went on in nearly every ward in the city all day long without let or hindrance. In only one or two cases were the repeaters who raided the polls arrested. The police, as usual, obeyed machine orders, and while the sitting of three judges as an election court deterred violence, no effort was made by the officers of the law to check the flagrant fraud enacted under their eyes and with their connivance.

In the face of this utter annihilation

of republican government by the political bandits called "republicans" who are manifestly but the creatures of the capitalist system, the circular letter of the National Economic League printed upon another page of this issue of the *Socialist Spirit* is a thing to stupefy intelligence. How this imposing array of distinguished persons, confronted by the evidence of a political rottenness that brands the entire nation with infamy, can have the stupendous effrontery to go before the people with an "educative" campaign calculated to preserve things as they are, passes one's comprehension.

The American people have arrived at that point of moral degeneracy where they look upon indisputable evidence of ballot-box stuffing with a smile, and their greatest newspapers dismiss the subject with a satirical or amusing paragraph. The American people calling themselves Republicans or Democrats and professing to believe in representative government stand idle and impotent while their ballots are treated as useless paper and their sacred privilege of franchise is dragged in the mire. Their manhood is not of a quality to right wrongs; it is too flaccid and flabby to avenge gross-est insult.

It is a sign of death: the American Republic is dying.

These ingenious persons of the political division called Democrats, who point to the Philadelphia putrescence as Republican and therefore not of their doing, are invited to turn to Colorado where persons of their label in Democratic districts held back the returns until they found out how Arapahoe county (Denver) voted. They counted on so deftly magnifying Democratic returns as to overcome any Republican plurality shown by Denver. The Democrats wanted to get the offices, and the capitalist money that goes with them, away from the Republicans who stand frankly for boodle and plutocracy and hence better deserve them.

The only thing which prevented the



success of the Democrats in this, their highly moral effort, was that in certain districts where the Socialist party vote was big enough to be considered *they did not dare to tamper with it.*

Democrats stole the ballots of Republican voters in Democratic districts and Republicans stole the ballots of Democratic voters in Republican districts. This is legitimate in capitalist politics and as both parties do it they have nothing to fear from each other.

*But behind every vote of the Socialist party there is a man, and there is something in manhood which terrifies the scoundrel and keeps him from his instinctive indulgences.*

The present economic system has eaten out the moral fibre of its votaries. Those who uphold it have no longer any determinate stock of either intellectual or spiritual virility. The state of political decay,—the dying state—has within itself no dynamic with which to arrest its dissolution.

One hundred years ago so insolent and undisguised a fraud as this of Philadelphia would have aroused the American people to a frenzy, for then their faith had not been emasculated; they were capable of intellectually conceiving that a menace to their ballot in one place menaced it at every other, and they treasured the ballot as something which had been bought with blood.

Now, today, when they are traduced and their ballots stolen, they stand as vulgar dupes of still more vulgar political tricksters,—tools of their economic masters—and impotently smile at their own debasement. Their chiefest ethical impulse lifts them only to a dull indifference.

*And yet the day is almost here when their indifference to the use of the ballot is to serve as the excuse for their disfranchisement. Here and there, there is creeping into the press and into contemporary literature the suggestion, coming from persons in high places, that the ballot is a failure.*

Such an opinion may in the face of conditions today be an honest one.

In 1879 Henry George, the greatest spiritual nobleman whom America has yet produced, wrote:

Given a community with republican institutions, in which one class is too rich to be shorn of its luxuries, no matter how public affairs are administered, and another so poor that a few dollars on election day will seem more than any abstract consideration; in which the few roll in wealth and the many seethe with discontent at a condition of things they know not how to remedy, and power must pass into the hands of jobbers who will buy and sell it as the Praetorians sold the Roman purple, or into the hands of demagogues who will seize and wield it for a time, only to be replaced by worse demagogues.

The conditions Henry George pictured in 1879 are today partially realized, and it is a feeble vision which cannot see their complete realization in America in the near future.

From such a realization to disfranchisement and arbitrary rule is but a step. Many a well-meaning but unphilosophical person, discouraged by public immorality, would turn with relief to a dictator who would guarantee "good" government.

Then the past would have to be fought all over again, as those who believe progress is only a circle instead of a spiral, actually think it will.

In the world today, however, and increasing in America with leaps and bounds, is the sentiment of Socialism. So far as we know no such concept has ever figured in any preceeding civilization; it is unique in history. Its influence on human life may therefore be unique.

The political rottenness which never can develop, from within, the vitality to clean itself, and which, in every preceeding republic, has been cleaned from without by military dictatorship; may at this stage be cleaned by Socialism, a higher kind of social organism.

The world may, after repeated republican failures, be now ready to take the step progress indicates as imperative.

If it is not, then we will have to try again, another century or cycle.

One thing, however, seems to emerge from the chaos of present political confusion.

This is that the vote for Socialism will get itself counted.

The very feebleness of political expression in the old parties, indicated by indifference in registration and to ballot-box frauds, makes the Socialist vitality appear as a very positive force. And it is a positive force.

*In the Socialist movement alone resides today the dynamic which is to preserve the ballot to the American people.*

To the Socialist the ballot is sacred. It is the key with which he is to unlock the future. He will not allow it to be taken from him, and in defending his own right he will defend the right of all.

Out of the heart of the proletariat is blazing the Promethean fire which is to purge away the rottenness of Philadelphia and all future Philadelphias, and build the city of the pure, glad common life.



## The Scab Hero

I have said this before in discussing the labor question and now I propose to say it again. I consider the modern "scab" a very good type of hero. I believe that is the opinion of 90 per cent of the American people. In spite of their strong organization, numbering more than a million members, the labor unions represent but a small part of American labor. I believe that the liberty of a man to work should be retained.—President of Harvard College.

There are few who will fail to agree with President Eliot that the liberty of a man to work should be retained.

There are also few thoughtful persons who do not somewhat deplore the official condemnation of President Eliot by the American Federation of Labor. The words above quoted were spoken at a dinner in Boston by Mr. Eliot in his capacity of a private citizen. An unedu-

cated college president has as much right to his opinion as an uneducated working man. We can combat false opinions, but if we believe in free speech, we must not object to their utterance.

If President Eliot's ideal hero is a scab he has a right to say so.

Like all other persons who are educated in books and not in life, President Eliot does not see that the scab does not, and cannot, under the present industrial system, retain his liberty to work.

The opportunities for work are not monopolized by organized labor as Mr. Eliot would infer from superficial appearances; they are monopolized by capitalists who own the resources of nature and the productive machinery—things by which and with which labor can alone produce wealth.

Labor organizes simply that it may collectively secure better terms of employment—pending the time when it will have sense enough to seize the sources of its employment by political action.

The man who voluntarily stays outside the union does not retain his liberty to work. He retains only his liberty to starve. He is foolish; not brave. The capitalists are no such worshipers of abstract principles of individualism as to give the scab work at better terms than the union can secure by combination. The capitalists themselves follow methods of combination. What men do demonstrates their faith and principles; not what they say.

In the light of all this, Mr. Eliot's remarks—though doubtless the sincere convictions of an uninformed man—appear as a gentle flattery thrown out in the interest of the class from which he draws his salary as a college president.

If he can fix the worker's attention on being a hero instead of getting enough to eat, the rude methods of union labor will largely cease to offend.

If one might venture an humble opinion for Mr. Eliot's consideration it would be that the union man who stands by while his wife and children suffer for



food, rather than prove traitor to his class by acting as a strike breaker, has certain modest claims upon the "hero" classification.

The latter does his hero business for others. Mr. Eliot's man does his either from selfish motives or from stupidity.

But the development now noted in connection with the arbitration of the coal strike should certainly call from President Eliot, and all other admirers of the scab, most copious explanation.

These brave and heroic workmen who have high grounds of principle against combination and whose individualistic proclivities call forth the praise of college presidents, are in imminent danger of making their august admirers ridiculous. It would be interesting to know upon what score of non-union reasoning the non-union mine workers filed a statement of their position before the arbitration commission.

They begin this statement by demanding an increase of 20 per cent in wages, showing that they are no more satisfied with their condition than are the members of the union.

Here are these heroic individuals making joint demands through attorneys representing non-union laborers as a body!

Throughout their statement appears the pronoun "we." "We insist;" "we demand;" "we protest;" "we believe"—such expressions may be counted by the dozen. And in conclusion here comes this curious paragraph:—

We hereby guarantee to abide by the decision of the commission on all questions decided by them, and agree that, whatever conclusion it reaches, the same shall be final and conclusive.

What does this mean except that by taking action in a body the non-unionists have become a union body themselves—a union of scabs—hero scabs!

What becomes of their fundamental hero principle—which is hostility to the organization of wage workers?

They have combined in what they believe to be their own interests, as a

group of workers. The fact that they continue to call themselves "non-union" men has no significance except as an indication that they are without a sense of humor.

Your hero generally cannot see how funny he is.

Whether they realize the fact or not, these so-called non-union miners have now accepted the essential principles of unionism by acting in unison rather than in isolation from one another. And when, at the end of their statement, they say that "we guarantee to abide" by the decision of the commission, they assume their power as a body to bring about, if not actually to compel, a co-ordinate course of conduct in the future on the part of all the non-union workmen for whom they profess to speak.

Such a state of things is wholly unprecedented in the history of the capitalist system.

The phenomenon of non-union unionism, which thus invites one's attention presents an entirely new field for the operation of civic federations, leagues for social service and national economic hip-podromes.

Assuming that the action of these men, as it appears before the strike commission, is not a carefully arranged flank movement by the coal operators and railroads against Mr. Mitchell's organization, it is evident that one of the most interesting triumphs ever won for the principle of labor organization is embodied in these joint demands and appeals of the so-called non-union miners. Practically, their action serves to divide the miners into two organizations, hostile to each other, yet founded in each case upon the natural tendency of the workers to combine in behalf of their own interests. If the course of the non-union men has been taken without consciousness that they were abandoning non-union principles, then their course becomes all the more a triumph for the unionist idea, since they have supplied a demonstration that even non-unionism,

in spite of itself, is forced to enter upon some kind of organization in order to make itself felt and heard.

But the paramount consideration that forces itself upon everyone enjoying access to polite circles is that in the utter unconscionable action of these union scabs lies the necessity on the part of prominent educators of finding a new hero.

The scab has come off and exposes the same old sore.

Rather hard on the president of Harvard, don't you think?

### The Tyrant's Song

By Ernest Crosby

'Tis not the man with match alight

Behind the barricade,

Nor he who stoops to dynamite,

That makes us feel afraid.

For halter-end and prison-cell

Soon quench these brief alarms;

But where are found the means to quell

The man with folded arms?

We dread the man who folds his arms

And tells the simple truth,

Whose strong, impetuous protest charms

The virgin ear of youth,

Who scorns the vengeance that we  
wreak,

And smiles to meet his doom,

Who on the scaffold still can speak,

And preaches from the tomb.

We kill the man with dagger drawn—

The man with loaded gun;

They never see the morning dawn

Nor hail the rising sun;

But who shall slay the immortal man

Whom nothing mortal harms,

Who never fought and never ran—

The man with folded arms?

—From "*Swords and Plowshares*."

### The Child as the Center-point of Revolution

By John Spargo

When I was lecturing the other day to an audience of sleek "respectables," most of whom I judge had come rather to see than to hear "a real-Socialist-don't-you-know," I said that Socialism voiced the right of every child to be well born.

Most of the sleek "respectables" applauded in a gingerly way, after the fashion of their kind. I do not condemn these respectables, nor do I mock them. Why should I? Is not their weakness mine also? Do I not partake of the strength of the strongest and of the weakness of the weakest?

The clergyman who presided at the lecture said he thought the demand that every child have the right to be well-born was "most moderate."

But another statement that the workers as a class must organize themselves to overthrow the whole system of commercialism, the good clergyman said, was "infamous" and "revolutionary."

And the sleek "respectables" applauded—not gingerly as before, but with quite "vulgar" enthusiasm.

Poor, blind pastor of blind sheep! Types of a blind world! These sayings may not be labelled differently. You cannot call one "moderate" and the other "revolutionary," for they are one and the same.

*They are both revolutionary.* They are different word-descriptions of the great foundational revolution.

The greatest revolution the world has ever known, or dreamed of, is encompassed in the demand that every child have the right to be well-born.

It is a demand for the overthrow of commercialism. For only by the overthrow of commercialism can it ever be realized.

Commercialism, Capitalism, Mammonism—call it how you will—denies that



right to the vast majority of the children that are born each day. Nay, more, it denies *every child*. Rich and poor, high and low, pampered and neglected, all in varying form and measure are ill-born.

For children to be well-born the parents of the children must live well.

They must be strong of body. Not attenuated by want, nor rotted by shameful indulgence; developed by labor and by recreation, not exhausted and sapped by excessive toil, nor flaccid by reason of unhealthful idling.

They must be strong of mind. Able to look upon truth in her most terrible aspects, without fear, but with understanding and confidence. Scorning the false and the unjust, never seeking the cowardly refuge of compromise.

For the weakness of body or of mind, in father or mother, will be the heritage of the child, and of the child's child.

*"Even unto the third and the fourth generations."*

Your "patriots" rave about treaties for commerce, about tariffs, about flags, and about questions of etiquette, but they are silent as to men and women—and the children who will be the men and women of tomorrow.

Perhaps, after all, ours is the noblest and truest love of country—ours, who say that the unborn child of the humblest, and the unborn child of the greatest, have equal claim already established, indisputable, upon all the resources of civilization.

*Socialism alone voices that right.*

This great world movement of the workers is, in its highest expression, nothing more or less than a determined effort to make possible this birthright for every child.

How simple the phrase; how profound the meaning!

It means that every sweat-shop hell must give up its victims.

It means that every brothel (high and low) must give up its victims.

It means that every close-packed tenement must give up its victims.

It means that every mansion and palace must give up *its* victims. (For I have said all are victims.)

It means that every shop, and every factory, must be emptied of its slaves.

It means that every mine, and every mill, must be emptied of its slaves.

It means that every exchange, *and every pulpit*, must be emptied of its slaves.

It means that every pew, and every platform, must be emptied of its slaves.

It means that there must be no hatred of man by man, and no subjection of woman by man.

It means that there must be neither poverty with labor nor wealth with idleness.

It means that there must be neither tyranny nor retaliation.

For wherever any of these things exist there is weakness of body and mind, and children are not, cannot be, well-born.

*Dare you, my friend, say that there is one single state or city or township in this great nation where most, if not all, of these things cannot be found?*

The negative answer to that question means that the children of today, and the children as yet unborn, are cursed with the terrible curse of being ill-born.

When men say that Socialism is purely and solely destructive I reply: Nay, it alone of all the religions, and creeds, and "isms" is truly constructive. It alone insists upon the fundamental necessity, the bearing of healthy children, and how it may be realized.

And when they say that Socialism is a gospel of Despair, I reply: Nay, it alone gives hope and promise of a free manhood, a free womanhood, and a free childhood. It alone rises above despair and the inaction of despair. Building upon the sure foundation of a perfect childhood, it will bequeath to Posterity the glorious legacy of a perfect manhood and a perfect womanhood.

# THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT

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*Franklin H. Woodward*

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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## EDITORIAL

One who never turned his back but marched  
    breast forward  
    Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,  
    wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake.—*Browning.*

**J**UST before his death-illness, Robert Browning wrote four verses as an epilogue to his poems. The verse here quoted is the third.

One evening he was reading this verse from a proof to his daughter-in-law and his sister.

"It almost looks like bragging to say this," he said, "and as if I ought to cancel it; but it's the simple truth; and as it's true, it shall stand."

Few of us can sing such a swan-song as that.

It is the song of a soul whose battles have been fought in an arena of the higher ether.

Life *has* such struggles; struggles apart from considerations of the material; struggles of the soul alone, free from the gross demands or impositions of the body.

It is from such a struggle that the soul can rise serene. Nothing of the sordid pulls it from its pedestal.

Such strife is epic in its character.

Failure even, in such an atmosphere, takes on a certain dignity.

But there is a kind of struggle which by its very nature stultifies, degrades and dishonors, and into this loathsome contest are driven the great masses of our common humanity. To lose at it is to be contemptible; to win at it is to be infamous.

No one who is raised above the necessity of fighting his fellows for his bread can estimate or understand the effect of such warfare upon individual character.

There is something so utterly false and degrading in one man striving against another man for bread in a land of limitless plenty that no one can emerge from such a strife with dignity. For such a one the epic life is an impossibility.

There is no power in the universe, God, man, or devil, that can raise the competitive struggle above the plane of vulgarity.

By refusing to abolish this struggle we keep the noblest attributes



of the human soul in abeyance, for it is not until the bodily wants are satisfied that the spirit rises to aspiration.

We do not yet know human nature; its beauty and its divine possibilities. When it shines in a personality like Browning or Plato, we scarce understand it.

Yet the intellectual and spiritual eminence of Browning and Plato is our true estate.

That we are still grovelling on all fours is our own doing. No natural law keeps the soul in the stomach.

Browning's note is the true human note; but would it have been sounded so positively—nay, would it have been sounded perhaps at all had his struggles been dragged down to the plane of the economic?

Would his stupendous contribution to the world's literature have been made had he worked ten hours a day at an uncongenial task to support the woman he loved?

Leisure for research and for writing enabled him to do the world a priceless service. His life and his message refute utterly the stupid cry of the schoolmen for the spur of necessity, that outworn creed which any faith in life or spiritual discernment would long since have left in the shadows. It is a shallow vision which does not see that there will be struggles enough—struggles which will test all the faith and the strength and the manhood which Browning pictures—after we have raised ourselves above the plane of the brute.

## The Bird and the Toiler

By Wilson Penn

Even as my Bird in its iron cage,  
Looking wistfully up to the broad blue  
sky above,  
And longing to spread its wings and  
soar away  
To a happy life of freedom and of  
song,  
Now and again in vain attempt  
To burst the cruel bars that hold it in,  
But bruises its poor body  
And falls back, maimed and numb.  
So I,  
Bound by the bars of Ignorance and  
Toil,  
Seeing the world of Poetry and Art,

And longing for the leisure and the  
skill  
To give my soul's high thoughts ex-  
pression,  
Now and again attempt to break away  
From the dull routine of this dreary  
life,  
Only with spirit crushed to learn the  
more  
The baneful bonds of my environment.  
Ah! little bird, in sympathy my heart  
so feels for Thee  
That I at least Thy cage's door unbar  
And give to Thee, and to Thy song, its  
freedom.

## Saviours of Society

[The circular-letter, copy of which appears below, is being sent to "intelligent and patriotic" persons, who are reckoned as being in favor of the *impartial* educational movement undertaken by the distinguished friends of humanity whose names adorn the circular.]



## THE NATIONAL ECONOMIC LEAGUE

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THOMAS R. HORTON, Secretary.

13 ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK, Nov. 20, 1902.

DEAR SIR:—We beg to inform you that the National Economic League will render its services in an impartial educational movement to oppose Socialism and class hatred: to instruct the people that if we are to continue to lead the world's industries and keep American labor and capital remuneratively employed, it must be through the organization of industry into large units, directed by the best talent. Also to investigate, study and discuss the fundamental issues which divide capital and labor, so as to be helpful in establishing rightful relations between employers and workmen.

In addition thereto, to promote Inter-State Comity in taxation, likewise a full discussion of "*How Far*" under present political conditions is it safe for cities in this country to municipalize? These are not only practical burning questions, but interesting from a sociological and scientific point of view.

We are now organizing a *Press Committee* to be composed of a few editors and writers who are prominent in the newspaper field and well known throughout the country. No actual duties are required of the members of this committee. Your name is desired as an indorsement of the educational work which the League proposes to carry out. A



Board of Associates or Contributing Editors, representing labor, manufacturing, commerce, church, college, agriculture, law, transportation and insurance organizations, newspapers, magazines, periodicals, authors, etc., etc. will prepare articles on these and kindred topics to be published and issued by the League.

It will afford the Executive Committee great pleasure if you will allow your name to be used as a member of this Press Committee.

An early reply will be appreciated by,

Yours respectfully,

S. B. DUTCHER, Chairman.

Pres. Hamilton Trust Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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### Truthful Peace

By Paul Shivell

Ye took from us, but would not trust us;  
We toiled for you, our life it cost us;  
But now we leave the long injustice.

With charity upon firm lips  
We organize our fellowships,  
And ballotward take peaceful steps.



MAY WOOD SIMONS

## Christmas

By May Wood Simons

Again comes the season for the "Christmas shopper" and the "Christmas trade." To one portion of society this will mean but longer hours' work and even more fatiguing toil than marks the rest of the year.

Commercialism, the greed for gain, the unfailing accompaniment of capital-

ism, has accomplished the complete perversion of the Christmas season from its original meaning and object. The very giving of gifts that has grown up as a part of the conception of Christmas has turned into a burden and a source of oppression for thousands of workers. It has become but another means for great



commercial gains to manufacturers, merchants and transportation agencies, the pretext for an annual great sale day.

For weeks before the Christmas time in certain trades the employer has been gradually crowding more and more upon the workman, "speeding up" in every department until the human part of the machinery is taxed to the limit.

Special holiday editions and gift books for the trade are in demand in the printing business. In the union shops pressmen and type-setters fortunately are so well organized that though working under great pressure the over-time work is comparatively small. But in the "scab" shops and among the binders, where a large part of the workers are girls and women with little strength of organization, the hours are long and the amount of work demanded is enormous.

All makers of women's garments, dresses, etc., seamstresses and dressmakers in department stores and private establishments, look forward to the Christmas season only as a time of "rush" work with practically no such thing as pay for over-time. This lack of extra pay is not peculiar to this branch of industry. It prevails in all trades where organized labor is not strong enough to assert its rights.

In the shops and great stores the "Christmas trade" begins. The department store that has perhaps during the year closed at six two evenings in the week now keeps its doors open until ten or eleven o'clock. Fourteen and sixteen hours a day this means for the clerks and the tiny cash girls and boys. These slight, undeveloped children show but too plainly, even if we had no better proof, that parents have perjured themselves to obtain affidavits and employers have encouraged this by taking these children into their stores.

The late night cars carry these helpless ones home during the winter cold, only to struggle out the next morning for the same round of nerve-torturing, body-fatiguing attempt to serve the

throng of exacting Christmas shoppers. Men, and even little boys, are kept on wagons all day and almost half the night to deliver these extra "sales," working at a speed unknown to the chattel slave of old.

Employees of express companies as well as men working in the postoffice service are frequently unable to stand the strain of the extra work forced upon them at this time of the year.

What then can Christmas mean to all of these? Simply a still harder attempt to survive in the struggle for existence.

Little do the majority of the Christmas buyers, content in their plenty, know at what cost of human suffering and weariness the beautiful things they carry to their children have been produced.

The very giving of gifts has lost its meaning and become mere exchange of merchandise. From a "peace or love offering" it has been converted into a formal return of gifts formally received. One is minded of the story told of the Doukhobors who strongly resent a favor done them as they believe the giver does it solely to obtain an eternal reward, and say to him sometimes, "you are very careful of your soul." So the receiver of gifts too often feels that they must only mean a return of favors.

Even the church but aids in increasing the spirit of greed. The little children throng into the Sunday Schools for weeks before the Christmas celebrations with no other object than the obtaining a part of the gifts dispensed by the church. Frequently has one seen children struggling in the bitterest spirits because one received a little better share than the other.

But there is still another and more important phase of the Christmas giving. Seldom is the division of society into classes so glaringly brought out as at the Christmas season.

The "philanthropically" inclined find at this time an opportunity to exercise their "sympathy." One has but to take up the literature circulating among these

to realize that the "poor" are viewed as a field for charity.

What can a gift mean if it comes thus, a crumb thrown from one class that would perpetuate present conditions to another that asks social justice, not charity?

Little can one value the sincerity of that one who expresses his sympathy in "gifts" that have meant no sacrifice to him to obtain, but have been created, in truth, by the ones to whom he thus doles them out. His sincerity can go unquestioned only when he stands for the abolition of these conditions that put him into a position of plenty and ease at the cost of human suffering and misery.

But we turn to the future with prophetic eyes of hope—hope founded on a careful study of present social facts.

Many will see and criticise these conditions. Few will go to the root of the evil and recognize that all these things are but the result of outgrown social relations. The exposure of facts amounts to but little. It must be followed by a constructive idea of the way in which labor will rid itself of its oppression.

Then gifts will become indeed tokens of good will, and gift-giving extend throughout the year, then the pleasure of the few favored ones of society shall not be purchased at the expense of the misery and destruction of the worker and his children and all shall share in pleasure and in work.

For this we can only hope when society, reorganized, claims its productive goods for *all* its citizens.

## To the Workers

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

Shall you complain who feed the world?  
 Who clothe the world?  
 Who house the world?  
 Shall you complain who are the world  
 Of what the world may do?  
 As from this hour  
 You use your power  
 The world must follow you.

The world's life hangs on your right  
 hand.  
 See to it what you do!  
 Or dark or light,  
 Or wrong or right,  
 The world is made by you!

Then rise as you ne'er rose before,  
 Nor hoped before,  
 Nor dared before,  
 And show as ne'er was shown before,  
 The power that lies in you!  
 Stand all as one  
 Till right is done,  
 Believe, and dare to do!



# The Ghost of Murdered Love

BY AVERY QUERCUS



Charity was one day sitting in bedizened splendor upon her silver throne, toying a golden sceptre and listening with great complacency to the flattering compliments of her adoring courtiers, when the ghost of Love, who had been poisoned and presumably put out of the way, in order that Charity might have undisputed possession of the throne, appeared in bedraggled garments at the head of a mob of ragged victims, who had been picking up food from the mud at Charity's back door, where her ungracious hirelings had thrown it.

\* \* \*

Love looked about with deep, sad eyes upon the sleek and well-groomed worshippers of her false and cruel twin sister. Among the number she singled out the popular pastor of a large and fashionable city church, who "preaches to fifty million dollars," draws great crowds by his well-advertised eloquence, raises hundreds of thousands for charity, and supports several "mission chapels" that emphasize the distinction between his wealthy parishioners and their poor neighbors. And as the keen eye of murdered Love shot the eminent divine through and through the very silence of the room became audible with the words:

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

\* \* \*

From the clergyman her searching gaze passed to a group gathered about three persons, who were engaged in an animated discussion, and paused to look darkly at the intruders. One of the three was a noted "evangelist," who has a newspaper record of several thousand "converts"; who coaxes and scares men

into heaven by apocalyptic pictures of bliss and misery; who tells a good deal of plain truth about matters in which he is not immediately and vitally interested, and sells his talk to churches that can pay roundly for it. Another was a theological professor, who uses learned words and phrases about the trinity and vicarious atonement and the plan of salvation, and who draws a large salary that is appropriated from the earnings of industrial toilers by means of an "endowment." The third was a Christian "scientist," who claims to have discovered the secret of Jesus Christ's power by a short cut which makes a life of loving self-sacrifice quite superfluous so long as one has "faith" to believe that things are so whether they are so or not; who makes merchandise of his special knowledge and omnivorous faith. And as the glance of outraged Love ran from one to another of the group the silence again broke forth into words:

"And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all and have not love, I am nothing."

\* \* \*

A pompous millionaire, whose name is constantly in the papers as a philanthropist, and appears among the vice-presidents of the Charity Organization Society, indicating that he makes princely gifts to that concern, and has means of appropriating the earnings of thousands upon thousands of toilers, was talking patronizingly to a zealous missionary who was about to start for China to lay down his life preaching intellectual propositions about love and the non-resistance of evil—with assurances that his government, with its warships and cannon, will blow to smithereens anybody who harms him. And as

Love sized up the two, they heard themselves described by the same still, small voice:

"And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

\* \* \*

By this time the devotees of Charity were all trying to get one behind another, and in the effort they all presently found themselves outside of the room. Whereupon Charity and her chief priest, Benevolence, made a hasty retreat, leaving Love and her forlorn proteges in full possession.

\* \* \*

Now the victims of Charity had been taught to distrust and despise and avoid one another instead of loving and serving and honoring one another. They had been educated to look upon hard work and useful service as a curse, an intolerable burden, which it was their duty to get rid of in any possible way, especially if there was "no money in it," and to regard dollars and cents apart from the love and service which these represent, as the only means of social and industrial salvation.

\* \* \*

And when they saw that Wealth and Learning and Respectability, and even Charity and Benevolence, had all fled and left them alone with one another and the Ghost of Love, they began to fear and to be suspicious, and to whisper among themselves: "She can do nothing for us, and even charity is better than nothing." For it did not occur to any of them to inquire: "What service can I render?" "What can I do?" but only "What can I get?" "What is there in it for me?" So that they did not catch the meaning of the gentle answer:

"Love suffereth long, and is kind; envleth not, boasteth not, behaveth modestly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, conjureth up no imaginary evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth cheerfully all drudgery, believeth all things

as they prove themselves true, hopeth good from all things, endureth all things as they come along."

\* \* \*

A walking delegate and several labor agitators went out grumbling that it was just such pious nonsense that had always made slaves of the working men, pleased the oppressors of honest labor, and encouraged "scabs."

\* \* \*

A campaign orator who was waiting for a government position, a half-starved preacher whose services nobody wanted, a young lawyer who had not yet demonstrated his capacity for defeating the ends of justice, but was living on his prospects, a physician whose wealthy parents were supporting him in his professional position, a Salvation Army officer who thought the world owed him a living for conducting "meetings," a professional beggar, a book agent, a temperance lecturer, an editor of a reform newspaper, and several other voluntary victims of charity who feel called upon to live without rendering any useful industrial service, dropped out one by one, and left only a few ragged hoboes, and stupid incompetents, and helpless women with babies at their breasts or tugging at their skirts, and sufferers from loathsome diseases, and men who had failed in business and were in debt, and other men who had lost their means of earning a living because they had committed the unpardonable crime of growing old, and persons of education and refinement who had withstood the pinching of poverty until their drawn features could no longer make the hollow pretense of denying the truth; and to this disheartened and disinherited company came these assuring words:

"Love never falls. Prophecies fail, oratory falls, all kinds of knowledge and talk fail, because they are at best but crude and imperfect ways of expressing love and truth; but useful service is the perfect expression of love and truth, and when that which is perfect is come, then that which is imperfect shall be done away."



As these words died away into the silence Love pointed to her sister's golden sceptre, abandoned in the hasty flight: "Behold this plaything which Charity wields as the sign of her power and authority. It is only a piece of cold, lifeless metal, but it represents your blood and your sweat and your service, and that of your brothers, your sisters and your ancestors. Capital took them from you, and then eased his conscience by giving a small portion to Charity. Make for me a sceptre like that, and I will touch the earth with it, and she shall bring forth an abundance for all men; I will touch the mountains, and they shall joyfully yield up their wealth for all men; I will touch men's hearts, and they shall gladly give their knowledge and their skill and their business

ability for the benefit of all their fellow-men, without asking the degrading question: "How much will I get for it?" But you let Capital appropriate your service because you hate and distrust one another instead of loving and serving one another. Have you not heard that if any two of you are agreed as touching anything that ye shall ask, it shall be done for them of the Father in heaven?"

\* \* \*

But they could not understand the language Love spoke, and they went away sadly to find Charity, and to ask her to feed and clothe them, and to help them get a "law" passed and to organize a "government" which will support them without the necessity of loving one another.

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## The Colorado Co-Operative Company

By F. B. Logan

[Mr. Logan is the Secretary of the Colorado Co-Operative Company and prepared this article at the request of the Editor, who met a number of the Pinon colonists while in Colorado during the summer. The heroic struggles of these colonists, and the magnitude of their irrigation plans, soon evidently to be crowned with success, make this Colorado attempt at co-operative production and distribution interesting to everyone.]

The Colorado Co-operative Company was organized and incorporated eight years ago in the city of Denver, Colorado. The chief object of the incorporators was to reclaim by irrigation some land in the arid waste of this state, and found upon it independent homes for its stockholders. After a careful examination of the various districts, and a study of climate, soil, production and water-supply of each, Tabeguache Park, western Montrose County, was decided upon as possessing the greatest advantages, and late in the fall of 1894 a few people came to inaugurate the great undertaking of constructing a \$100,000 ditch to irrigate the land.

Slow progress was made for several years, as might well be imagined when it is realized that the promoters had scarcely money enough to pay for incorporation. Hardly a good beginning was made upon the great ditch until the spring of 1896.

The capital stock was first limited to \$100,000, which was the estimated probable cost of the enterprise. To raise this sum it was planned to sell 1,000 shares at the par value of \$100.00 each, and each member was limited to one share. This share was the membership fee, entitling the holder to special privileges, among which were the right to purchase goods at the company store at

actual cost, to claim employment of the company, provided the kind of work for which he or she was adapted was available; and a monthly coupon book to pay for the necessary food supplies while working for the company.

A little advertising was done in the Denver press, and applications for membership began to come in from different parts of the country, until 1896, when the climax was reached. In this year double the number sought admission of the preceding two years of the organization, and the number rose to about 400 members. Three-fourths of this number had never been upon the site selected, and many of them were still outside of the state. A considerable proportion was in Denver and vicinity, about 400 miles from the work. Denver became the headquarters of the company, which was controlled by nine directors elected annually. The fact that all authority must emanate from Denver, and the business be presided over by men who could know nothing of how the work should be done, or how it was being done, except from hearsay, was the rock upon which the ship was sure sooner or later to founder, and for a time disaster from this source seemed inevitable. Bitter feeling was aroused between what was called the "Denver faction" and the Pinon people, who constituted the workers. This inharmony was noised abroad, and applications for membership almost ceased for a year or two, while those who had subscribed stock on the installment plan refused to a great extent, to pay up. The colonists on the ground, finding their revenue from the outside thus cut off, felt obliged either to inaugurate some means of self-support, or abandon the enterprise and lose all they had done. Many of the weaker ones chose the latter method, and sold out for a pittance, but the more sturdy, who were grounded in the principles of co-operation, remained. Some went out to work for wages, sending in their savings to support their families,

and others stayed to continue working on the ditch.

Through means of personal credit of some of the courageous few left to stem the tide of desertion a small saw mill was purchased. This was set up, and the manufacture of lumber, lath, shingles, etc., was carried on during summer, and with the marketed proceeds provisions were secured with which to prosecute the enterprise. Almost entirely by this plan was the first five miles of the ditch from the headgate to Pinon completed, and water conveyed in it to some land for gardens, and hay for the company teams. Thus was the independence of these gallant pioneers established, and the work continued. But the history of this period is a tale of hardship and privation scarcely to be believed by those who have come since. Gradually this example of heroism and self-sacrifice for the noble principles of co-operation and brotherhood attracted other kindred spirits, until finally, in 1900, the Pinon people had gained sufficiently in numbers and influence to change by a referendum vote the headquarters of the company from Denver to Pinon. It was then thought that the company had clear sailing, and an era of immediate prosperity must follow, but, alas! there was still in our midst an element, individualistic in character, battling for control of the business. This faction secured a majority of the directors, not by a majority vote, but by the adoption of a state law known as the cumulative vote, used by corporations. Had this faction been able to carry out their scheme to the fullest extent sought by them it would have been more fatal to the success of the company enterprise than the design of any foe hitherto encountered. During their brief administration in 1900 upwards of one hundred stockholders (who were in arrears, and who, in despair of success, refused to pay installments due) were ruthlessly sold out. Not a single new share had been purchased of the company during the period and but a

small amount of work was done upon the ditch, while at the same time the cash indebtedness of the company was increased to \$5,000. The management was insistent upon disincorporation and reorganization upon a capitalistic basis, and the securing of a mortgage loan as about the only hope of completing the enterprise. But the stockholders assembled in annual session in 1901, and while convinced that some alterations of the by-laws were desirable, they decided by a large majority that the most necessary change to be made was in the board of directors, and acting upon their mature convictions, elected members who were more optimistic in their views of the situation, and who were not ready to abandon co-operation as a failure. A manager of good business qualifications was put in charge, who at once took up the task of liquidating the indebtedness. By the successful operation of the saw-mill and box factory during the summer of 1901 about half of the indebtedness was paid, and the company store supplied with necessities to prosecute a vigorous campaign of ditch-building until the annual meeting again this year, when the same board and officers were re-elected with slight opposition.

All company work, both skilled and unskilled, whether by men or women up to last year, had been paid for in company credits at the uniform rate of 25 cents per hour, eight hours constituting a day's work. At the stockholders' meeting then it was decided to let out the work thereafter by contract. The plan adopted was to require the applicant for work to buy of the company at least one share of stock for cash before securing employment. The balance of his water right could then be earned by his labor. Though it may be termed contract work, in the ordinary sense it is not, for the rates have been readjusted until the worker is virtually guaranteed that his

credits will amount to about \$3 per day. Over fifty men are employed, and more hearing of our encouraging progress are joining the force every few days, so that we feel assured that water will flow through our ditch to the Park within a year. Our outstanding debts have been liquidated. Confidence in the speedy success of our enterprise has been fully established. Our credit is number one, but we expect to have little occasion to use it. "No debt, no bonds," is the motto of the present management, and we believe this policy will henceforth prevail. We have been learning. Our trials and tribulations are valuable lessons not soon to be forgotten.

Tabeguache Park, one of the most beautiful and fertile tracts on the western slope of the Rockies (much of which is still open to homesteading), consists of about 30,000 acres. This is the land we are reclaiming by irrigation, conveying the water through a large ditch, which heads fifteen miles up the San Miguel River. This stream affords an ample and never-failing supply at all seasons, and the Colorado Co-operative Co. have the prior right to its use. Being of very rocky formation—especially the upper half of the line now completed—the ditch work has entailed much labor and expense, but now that the end is so near at hand when the faithful toilers may reap their reward, courage in all has taken the place of despondency.

The cost of a perpetual water right, without annual water rent, is the *pro rata* cost of the enterprise—estimated at \$25 per acre, which is less than half its value, considering that the land possesses every natural advantage to be desired by homeseekers.

Plans for more extensive co-operation and improvement are maturing for adoption in the near future, when our great irrigation enterprise shall be fully complete.







## Morgan's Elegy in a Country Graveyard

BY S. E. KISER



My whistles toot the parting of my day,  
My lowing herds wind slowly o'er my  
lea;  
My plowman homeward plods his  
weary way—

With my consent—and leaves the  
world to me.

Now fades my glimmering landscape on  
my sight,  
And all my air a solemn stillness  
holds,

Save where my beetle wheels his dron-  
ing flight  
And drowsy tinklings lull my distant  
folds.

Save, too, that from my ivy-mantled  
tower

My moping owl does to my moon  
complain;

Like helpless men, he grumbles at my  
power

And frets beneath my solitary reign.

Below my rugged elms, my yew tree's  
shade,

Where heaves my turf in many a  
moldering heap,

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,

The rude forefathers of my hamlet  
sleep.

Mark that I say each in "his" narrow  
cell—

All but those cells I claim as mine  
alone;

I deed to them the holes in which they  
dwell;

'Tis generous, as they themselves  
would own.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys and lowly destiny;

They cleared the forest and enriched the  
soil  
And put things into proper shape for  
me.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some Carnegie who lived on frugal  
fare,

Who for some streak of hard luck never  
made

Himself three hundred times a mil-  
lionaire.

Some Rockefeller that, with dauntless  
breast,

Controlled the goose oil of the neigh-  
borhood

And taught a Bible class, may be at  
rest,

Here where the worms consider goose  
grease good.

Some Russell Sage who yearned for  
more and more

And never had ten plunks, at once,  
may lie

There where my briars are all tangled  
o'er

That mound so nearly hidden from  
the eye.

Some mute, inglorious Schwab who  
never bucked

The bank at Monte Carlo may be here,  
Where broken pickets from the fence  
obstruct

The path that once was often trod and  
clear.

But there's no Morgan here who might  
have run

The earth if luck had favored him a  
bit;

God had material for only one,

And I, 'tis needless to remark, am it.

If I to dumb forgetfulness a prey  
 This sacred, anxious being e'er resign  
 I wonder if the earth'll whirl away  
 And briars over me shall learn to  
 twine.

When I am numbered with the mighty  
 dead,  
 And poets shall my wondrous tale re-  
 late,  
 If chance by lonely contemplation led,  
 Some one shall come to ask what  
 made me great,

Let all the bards and all the sages say:  
 "Oft have we seen him butting  
 through the throng,  
 Brushing with careless hands the crowds  
 away  
 And generously helping God along."

And when they raise the shaft where I  
 lie cold,  
 And wish to make an epitaph for me,  
 Let this be carved in letters big and  
 bold,  
 High on the marble where all men  
 can see:

### The Epitaph

Here rests his head, at last, upon this  
 earth;  
 He now belongs to what he made his  
 own;  
 He took the world for what he thought  
 it worth—  
 And God once more is running things  
 alone.

## Books

Communist Manifesto (Manifesto of Communist Party), by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. Authorized English Translation: edited and annotated by Frederick Engels. Published by Chas. H. Kerr & Company, 56 Fifth avenue, Chicago. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 10 cents.

This is perhaps the most significant political pamphlet ever published. Hundreds of thousands of copies have been circulated in many languages, but to the average American, especially the "educated" American, it is quite unknown. Kerr and Company have done a real service to the Socialist movement in bringing it out in its present attractive form. Every student of Socialism should know the "manifesto" and the circumstances which produced it.

\* \* \*

Our Benevolent Feudalism, By W. J. Ghent. Published by The MacMillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.25 net.

In this book Mr. Ghent has elaborated and extended the article contributed to THE INDEPENDENT some months ago. It is certainly one of the real books of the year; clear, lucid and convincing in its matter and of excellent literary qual-

ity. No one can fail to see in the light of Mr. Ghent's statistics and references how utterly America has drifted from her democratic moorings and how certain is a cycle of benevolent despotism, propped by college, church, press and other hireling institutions, unless a positive awakening soon shall come.

Mr. Ghent does not seem to see the future as the Socialists see it, and without the hope of a working-class revolution the days that are coming must seem dark indeed. No spirit of gloom pervades the book, however. It has a delightful lightness of touch and subtle humor, and gives real pleasure in the reading despite its fatalistic sort of prophecy.

We can think of no better book to place in the hands of the unilluminated just at this time. It almost might make a Republican think.

\* \* \*

Walt Whitman: The poet of the Wider Selfhood, by Milla Tupper Maynard. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Company, 56 Fifth avenue, Chicago. Price, \$1.00.

It is no less regrettable than true that the ordinary conventional mind is apt to shut itself out from the immense comfort and inspiration of Whitman by reading the wrong thing first, or reading it without understanding the Whitman *motif*. We do not see how this could happen to the man or woman who begins his or her acquaintance with the "good grey poet" through Mila Tupper Maynard's introduction in this book just published by Kerr and Company. Mrs. Maynard's essays are luminous with the true essentials of the poet's philosophy, and the passages selected for illustration are admirably quoted.

Lovers of Old Walt may well place this volume in the hands of those who they desire should also love him.

Beside the excellence of the contents the book is most attractive in make-up; quite superior in point of taste to any yet issued by this publisher.

\* \* \*

Capital and Labor, by a black-listed machinist. Published by Chas. H. Kerr & Company. Paper, 25 cents.

This book is by a working man for working men. The author has not troubled himself about literary style, although he has a style that is simple and direct. He has something to say and he says it. He uses freely some of the best things he has read on his subject, giving credit to the authors when possible. His object is not to show his originality, but to make Socialists. Capital and Labor will be found one of the most effective propaganda books ever written. It should be put into the hands of every union man who is not a Socialist.

\* \* \*

The Social Hell. Booklet by Ryan Walker. Published by The Coming Nation, Rich Hill, Missouri. Price, 10 cents.

This is a book of cartoons, with explanatory text. It is quite the most effective thing of this nature yet issued. The pictures are terrible, but they fascinate by their awful truth. No one who understands the tremendous educative value of the well-conceived cartoon will doubt for a moment that this booklet

of Mr. Walker's will do the work he means it shall. All good Socialists should help to circulate it.

\* \* \*

Swords and Plowshares. By Ernest Crosby. Cloth, 126 pp. \$1.00 net. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

About two years ago Mr. Crosby published a book of radical verse entitled "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," which was highly praised for its boldness, originality and vitality by such competent judges of these qualities as Tolstoy, Bjornson, Markham and Zangwill.

His second volume of poetry, and the third book which he has published (the anti-military novel, "Captain Jinks, Hero," intervening), is composed of verse written since anti-imperialism became an issue in American politics, and since Mr. Crosby retired to his farm to live the "natural life" to which his social philosophy and his love of the country had long inclined him. Accordingly, as finely indicated by the title, the poems selected bear upon two contrasting themes: hatred of war and oppression, and delight in scenes of peace and industry. Unity of theme and concentration of purpose, therefore, mark the book as a work of art in the broadest and highest sense, and, as such, it is destined to be memorable in the annals of American literature.

Mr. Crosby's verse-forms are as opposite in character as his themes. He employs the strong, free, "verse-paragraph" of Whitman, for plain, direct description, as did its inventor, and for bold indictment of social wrong, as does Edward Carpenter, the radical poet of England. This verse-form is relieved by shorter poems in the simple lyric measures hallowed by the use of all nature-loving poets from Chaucer to Whittier. If the combination of strong and direct thought with simple and pure expression is the essential requisite to a phrase's immortality, there are passages in "Swords and Plowshares" which the world will not allow to die.



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